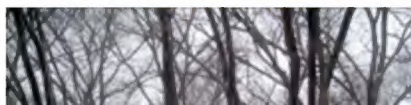
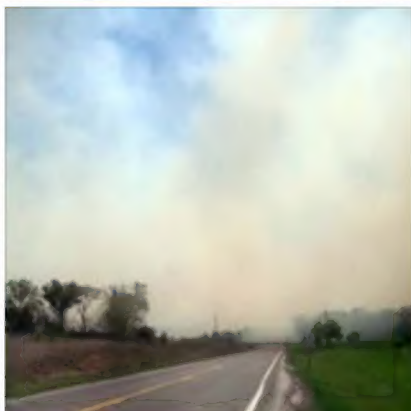
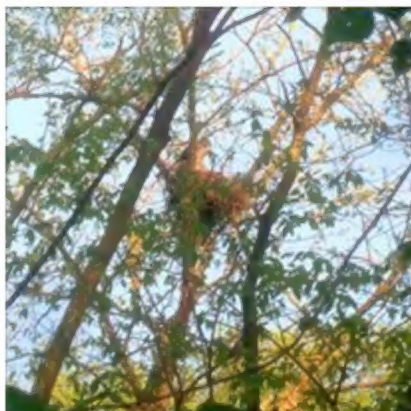
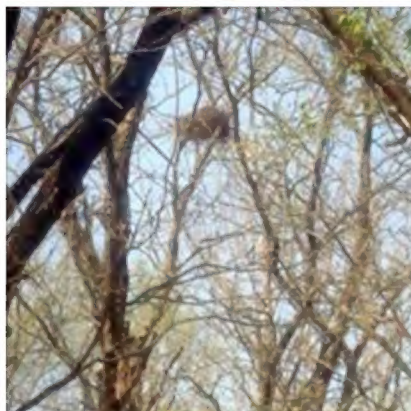
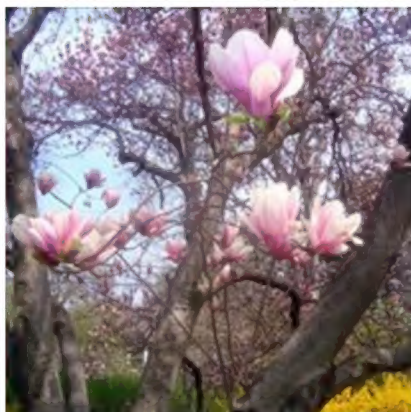
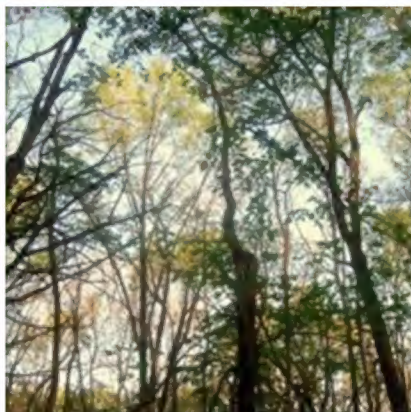
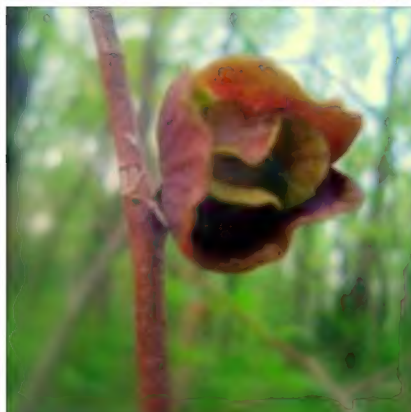
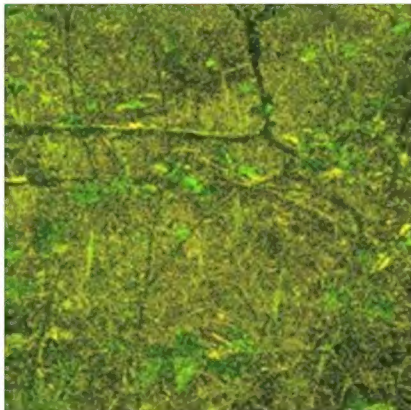
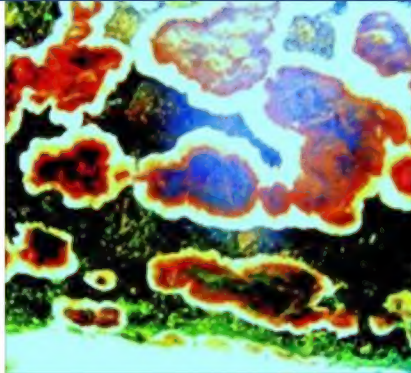


***The Collected
Jacob Jesus Escape'***

***Works, Photographs, & Writings
Frederic Jacob Gutknecht IV***



The Collected Jacob Jesus Escape'



Works, Photographs, & Writings Frederic Jacob Gutknecht IV

Edited by Demolition Kitchen Media, 2023

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Dear Mr. Aardwolf,

My new coat
is hairy.

Sincerely,

Aba Cabretta



KANSAS DAY

11
dozen ←

22
half dozen

33

Presidential
terms

44
x3

132 years ~~young~~
x34 th state

44 88

Piano Keys

Double Double

Toil and Trouble



To the Stars... Through Difficulty

Sunflower - State Flower

find the
turtle in the museum
(See under foot)

BOX TURTLE



(3) ventral
plates

(hinged)

(4) legs



DEAR FREDERICKA,

I regret having to inform you by letter that your application to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR has been rejected. I'd like to reject your application in person. I realize that this is a major dissapointment for you as it is for any young woman of this universe, but frankly my dear that's tough.

Actually, we received no application from you and are extremely pissed. Any self-respecting chick would beg or even pay big bucks to join THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, but you have rejected all of the psychic messages we have sent...for the last 25 million years!

Do you really think that you are too good to wear the chartreuse, puce, maroon and day-glow orange body paint of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR? I would hope not!

I can't believe you would pass up this opportunity to serve your fellows. Just last week we, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, served martinis to the rodents at the WANED BRAIN HOME FOR RETIRED, MANGY CHIPMUNKS. You may have been given the prestigious job, reserved for the cutest novice, of snatching olive pits from those chipmunks with real teeth. I am sad to say that we didn't have enough sisters present to prevent many of the toothed, mangy, old rodents from chewing up and swallowing their olive pits. This resulted in several cases of severe gastro-intestinal upset. One of the recently retired chipmunks let out a tiny, yet piercing scream and vomited on my ruby slippers.

So, you can see that we do need help and I must say that we are still considering the possibility of allowing you to join our order. Please reapply soon. We, THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR, would be overjoyed to have you as a member. In fact, I personally guarantee that the honored title of cutest novice will be given to you upon your arrival at the convent.

...Actually, dear applicant, I am the last of THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR and I'm really quite lonely. I didn't mean to be harsh with you when I rejected your pitiful application to join our proud order....What I mean to say is that I excuse you for not applying and beg you to visit us soon at the convent...

That's...

THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE SPAZZY HEAD GEAR
Route 1
Mayfield, Nebraska 66911

Yours Truly,
Sister Guido Bertrill

Sister Guido Bertrill





the sky becomes a lens in human

hands

fantastic colors
crowd into the picture
everchanging gleaming
vistas

red grows
deep magically to ultra
marine

violet heaven comes
upon the greenest earth that's ever seen

By light of spring
we choose our winter haven
and fill it with our store of drying fruit.
Many miles of trail we have been given
to take the eye and hand on searching foot.

My mate and I do dry more every winter,
soon to the rocks as dust we'll drift to stay.
The fruit which we have saved
will crack and splinter,
sending up green shoots to meet springs day.

That haven we created for cold seasons
now becons to new searchers, man and wife.
The fruit we planted grows not for our reasons,
but from the love we had of spring's new life.

OPEN FLOOR NIGHT

AT RICHEY'S
BARN

APRIL 21

Saturday

THIS IS THE LAST BARN NIGHT

**DO YOUR: Poetry, Performance, Story,
Dance, a scene with friends,
Music or whatever you like.**

**Try to keep it under 15 min.
(There'd no trap door or gong)**

or Just Watch... (really ... it's O.K.)

HOW DO I FIND THIS PLACE ?

**Go East on 15th Street
(about 2 miles east of Mass. St.
It's the first house on the left
Past the Double RR tracks.**

For More Info, Contact Marcus Richey 843 -2521

**Come out
As the Sun Sets**

B.Y.O.B. and a Candle

BECAUSE

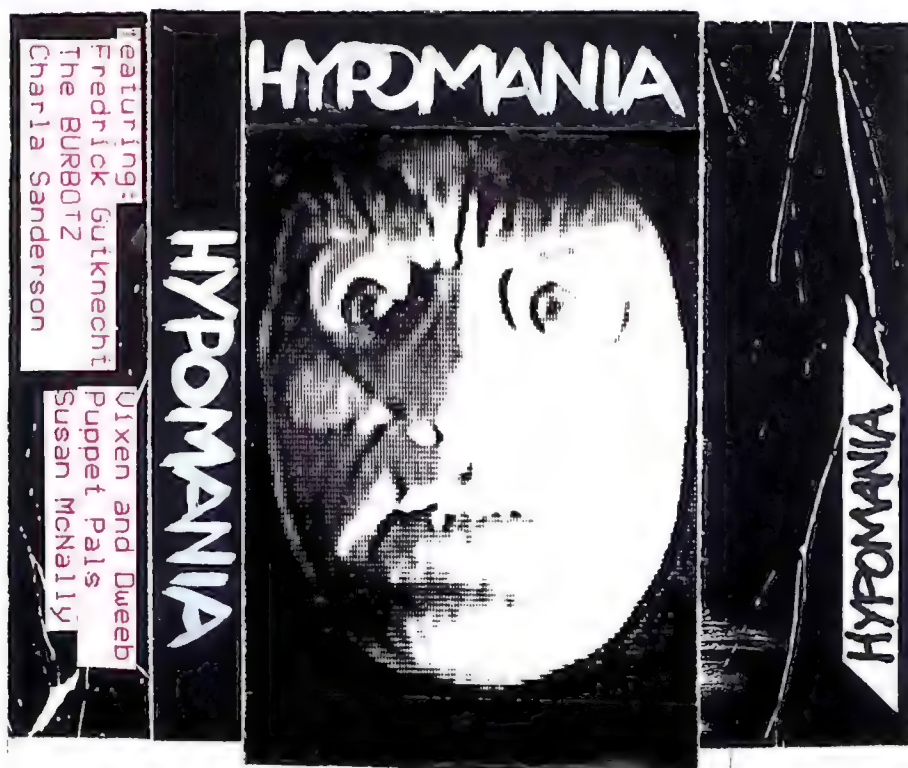
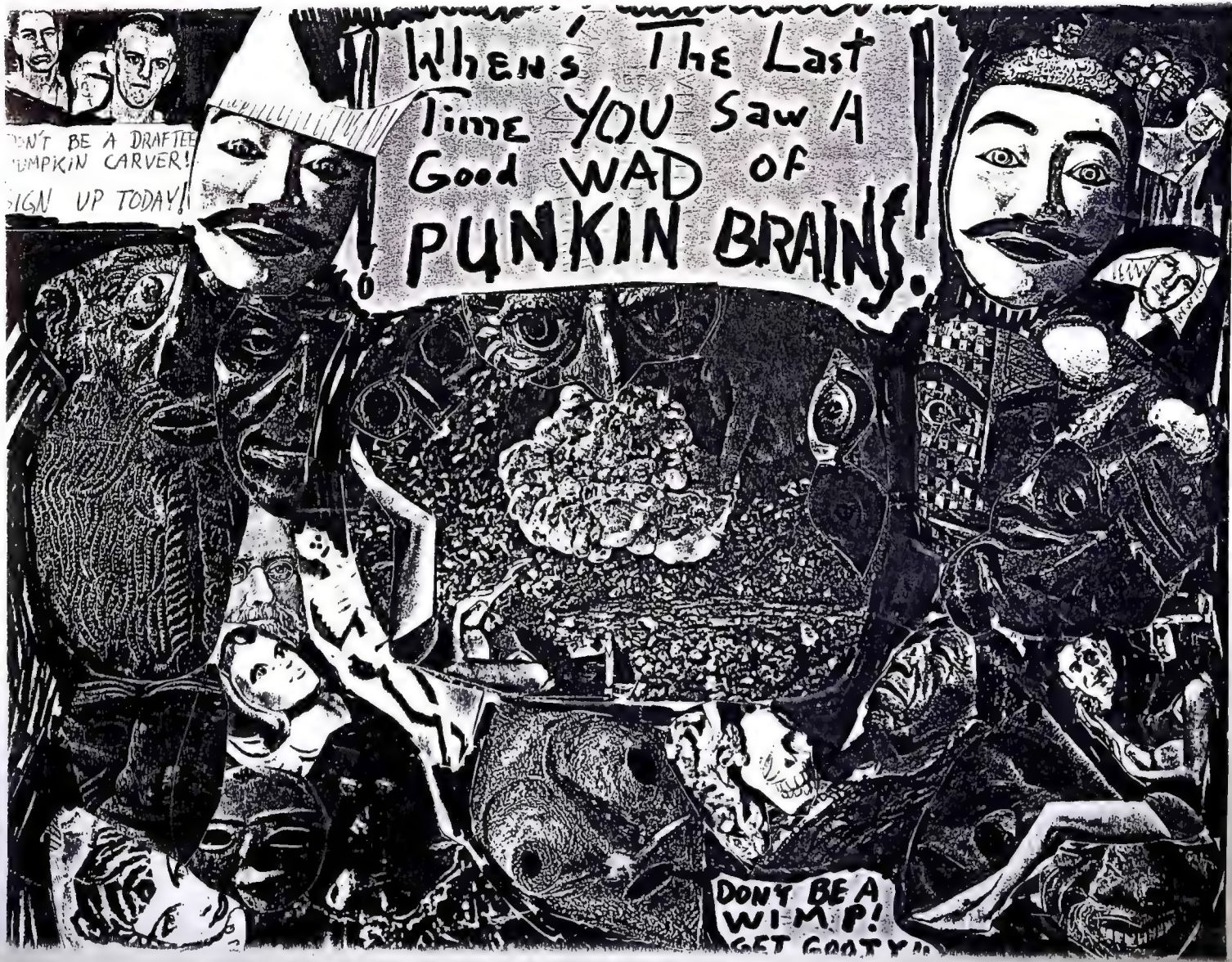
POETRY

CONQUERS

BOREDOM

HYPOMANIA

**A NEW COMPILATION
TAPE FROM
AUDIO JUNKFOOD
FEATURING
PUPPET PALS-JAKE
THE BURBOTZ
VIXEN AND DWEEB
PLUS MUCH MORE
-CALL 749-7500-**



HYROMANIA



PROMENADE OF THE
AMBULATORY HYPMANIACS

... — OR — ...

Jake & Toby take air in the woods

PUPPET PALS LIVE

USE TO TAPE DOWN FILM

HERE TO TAPE DOWN FILM
PUPPET PALS



A collage featuring a pair of glasses, a ruler, and a ruler with a circular object, overlaid with the word 'HORRIPILATION' in large, bold, stylized letters.



ה'תש"ס

CORN Pie JAKE ESCAPE

HYPOMANIA

**DRY
Heave
ARIZONA**
a HYPOMANIC
WESTERN
RADIO PLAY

by Jacob Jesus'
Escape'

**CORN
Pie**
the
poetry of

**Jacob
Jesus'
ESCAPE'**

HYPOMANIA

featuring:
Fredrick Gutknecht
The BURBOTZ
Charla Sanderson

Vixen and Dweeb
Puppet Pals
Susan McNally

JAKE of the WILDERNESS **IN** **ACROSS the** **GREAT SAND DUNES**

**"BIGGER THAN
'ISHTAR'!"**

"BEWILDERING!"

**"A MOTION-
PICTURE
WITH HONEST
HORRIPILATION!"**

HYPOMANIC PICTURES PRESENTS:
"ACROSS THE GREAT SAND DUNES"
(ALSO KNOWN AS "DORKS OF THE DESERT")

STARRING - JACOB JESUS' ESCAPE AS JAKE OF THE WILDERNESS
COSTARRING - TOBY SAMBA GERKIN AS TOBY
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY SUSAN MACNALLY





Jacob's MIND REPAIR

Cerebral Antiseptic
and AFTER SHAVE



when thinking hurts
apply liberally
to
affected area

Jacob's MIND REPAIR

Jake's famous Cerebral
Antiseptic Tonic
& After Shave Lotion
has a distinguished
40 year history.
Unfortunately
we can't remember
most of it.
Years of diligent research
from schnapps to
peppermint-gin resulted
in this miracle tonic for
all your mind repair needs.
Just remember our slogan,
"All who drink this are Jake"

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JAKE

We heard you was
turnin' 4-D.
(the other white meat of
dimensions)

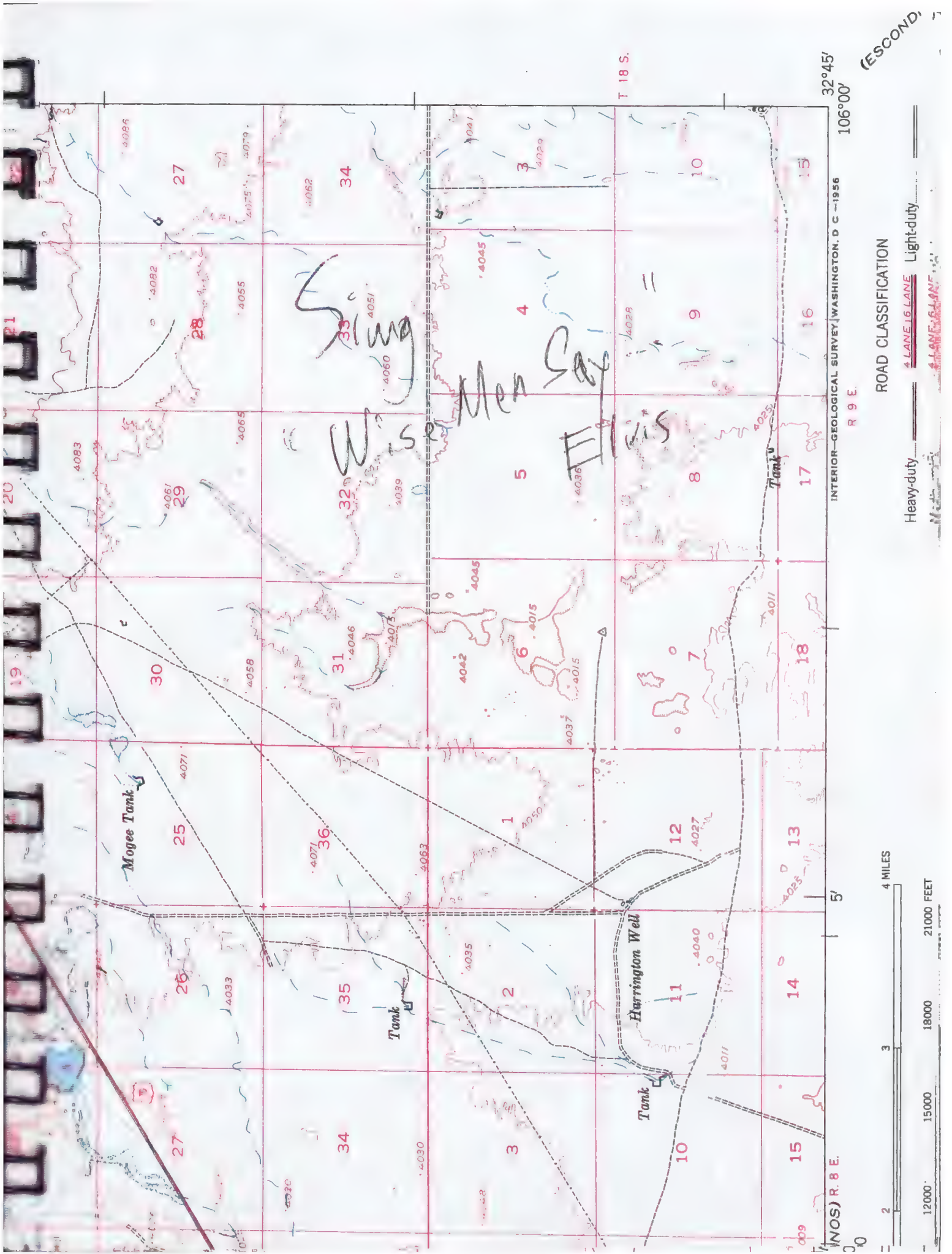


PUT THIS MUTHA ON...
AND GET READY TO
CLEAR THE DANCE FLOOR

Special Computer Enhanced Version

Open this disc on your computer for the Complete Jake Escape
in MP3 format. Also contains three Quicktime videos featuring
Jake, including "Jake of the Wilderness"





32°45'
106°00'

INTERIOR-GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. - 1956

R 9 E.

ROAD CLASSIFICATION

Heavy-duty ——— 4 Lane 16 Lane ——— Light-duty ·····

4 MILES

21000 FEET

(NOS) R. 8 E.

(ESCOND)

Let us take a moment or three
to call and welcome the spirit
and its many faces. Let us be
not ashamed to weep the bitter-sweet
tears... ~~those~~ of those who believe
only what comes INTO their eyes
and not the ~~side~~ of spirit which
~~is~~ emerges ~~from them~~ in
the presence of visions... the wash
of spirit is common here where
light reigns and water is warmed by
soul of our planetary body.

Not far away, flocks of corvine blue
seek ~~the gifts of the forest~~ minerals and the fruit of
the pinón. Their blue color exists only in the
The light ~~only~~ - gives them life. The soul only knows
the soul. The soul rarely sees the light.

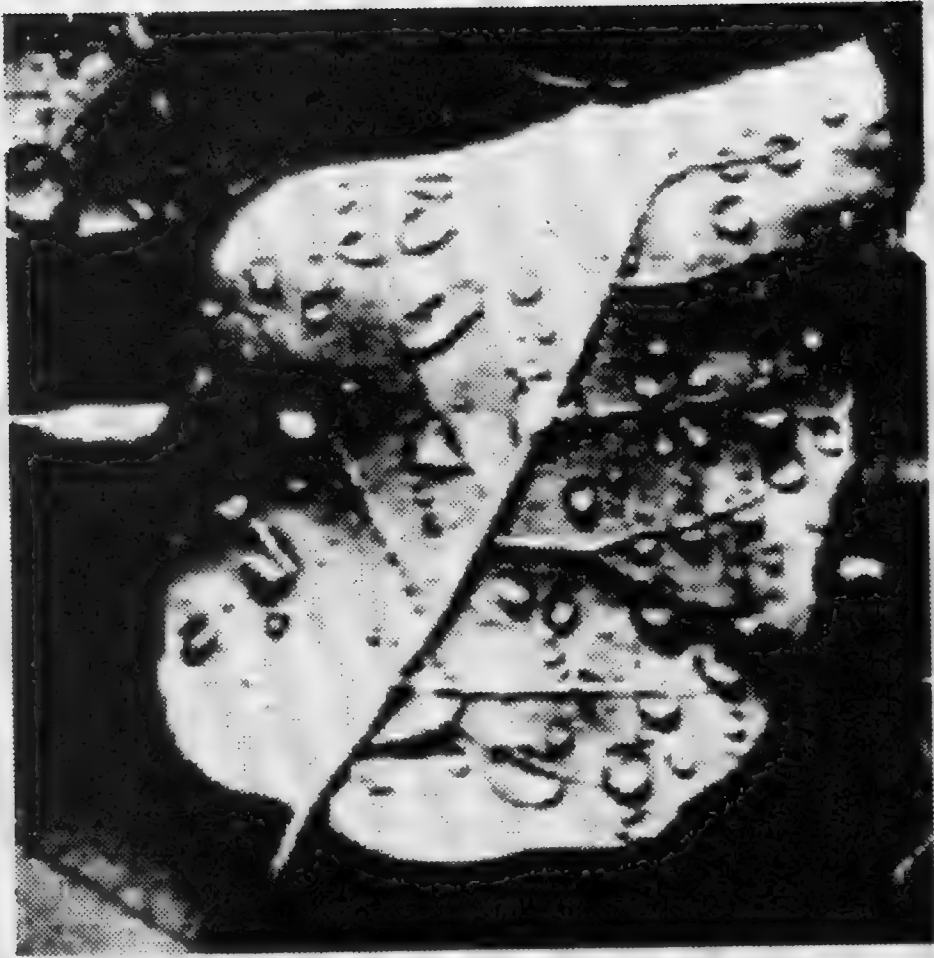
dad son...

without further ado
let the party begin.









Mailman Bites Horse

In a bizarre twist of teeth, a New Jersey mailman was impaled on a popsicle truck's stick-shift. The stick-shift at the town's public works building claimed ~~that~~ they had no knowledge of the event and a gold mine in East McKeastport, Maine. The mailman's new jersey was red anyway. It read "KILL ALL DOGS". Apple computers were immediately installed on the set of the old "Dick Van Dyke Show", ... we think, as it was supposedly in ~~a good school~~ New Rochelle (a good school district). The ~~mini~~ stick-shift could not be reached for comment. This was reported by the mounted policeman whose horse was nipped ~~the~~ ~~horses reported~~ wound required 4 stitches, and got 'em; but, before the mailman's teeth were removed. This festering tale might go on in perpetuity, which replaces the Dick Van Dyke show on channel 43 tonight. Click.



@

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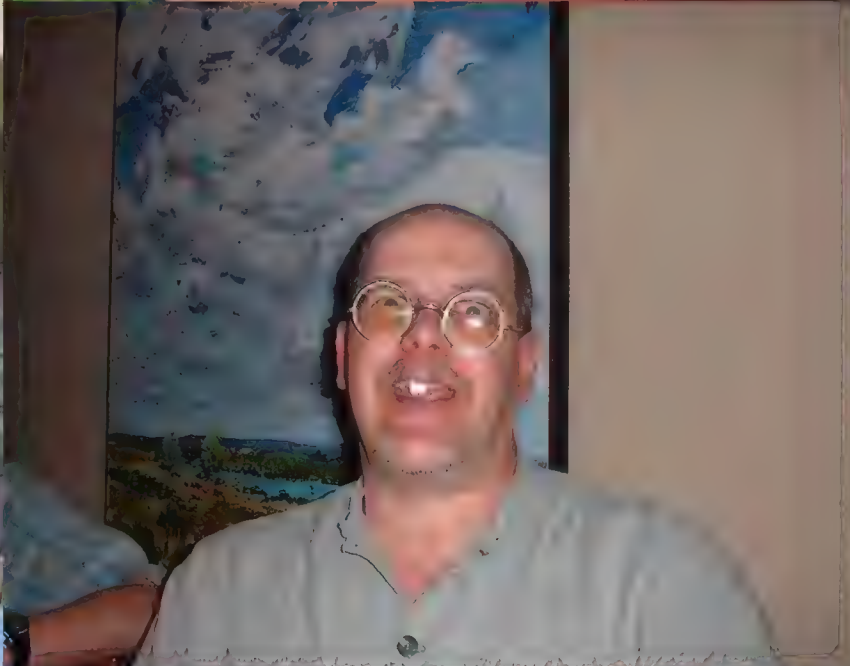
Dec. '88

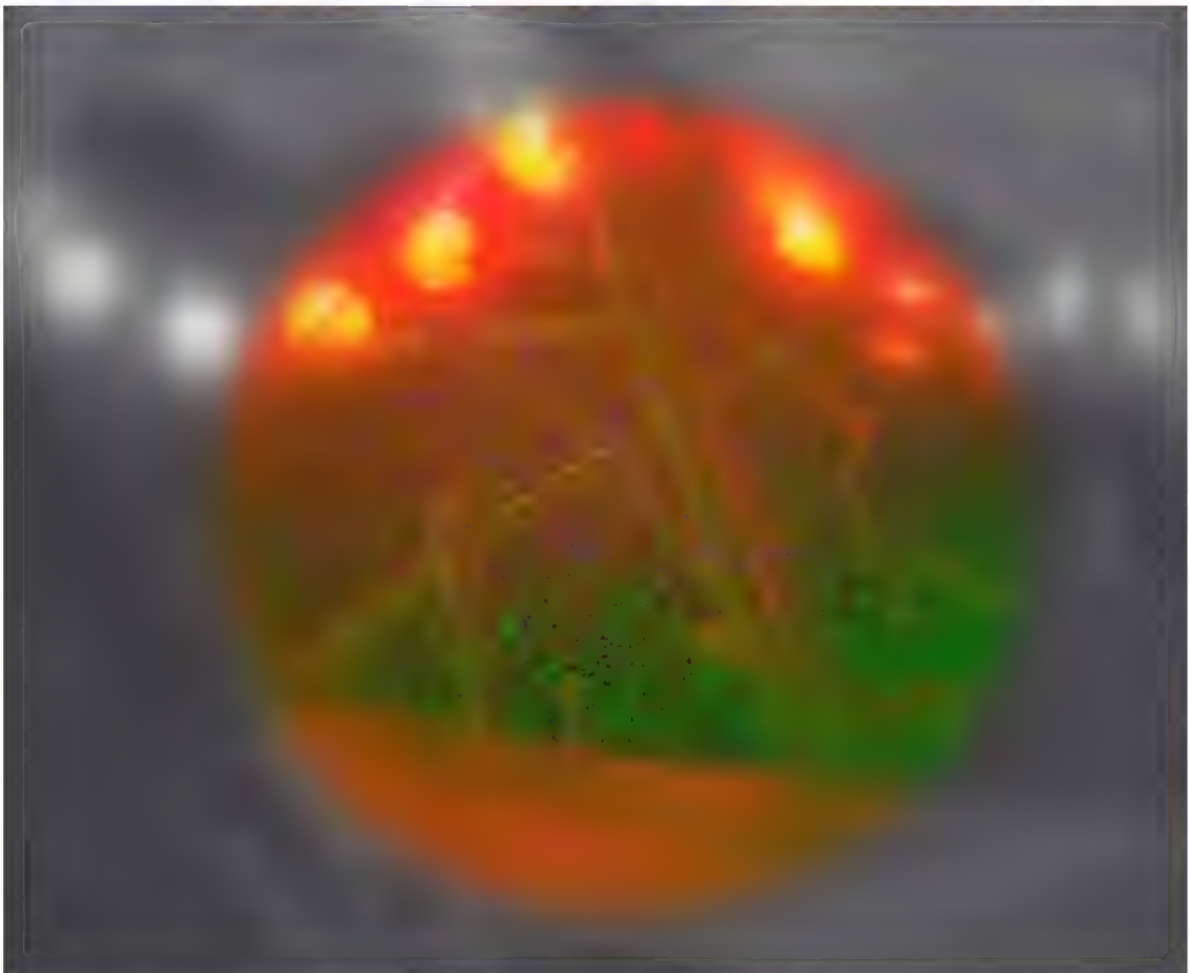
I'm building a visual language,
too bad I'm asked to speak.

I'm learning a Picture language,
but everyone uses words.

The words are getting easier.
The reason for this is clear,

but I can only picture it and cannot write it
here.





ALL I NEED
IS
ONE
GOOD
LINE
LIKE
IGNORANCE IS

...BLISS

blameblame...it's dead

I sleep and the arm's not mine.
I dream and my fingers are gone.
I wake and the pen in my hand
has written another word

CONgratuLAtionS!
Ms Kristina Hermanson,

Your application for the position of Head Mind Repair Technician has been thouroughly gone over and we have decided to offer you the job.

Your application was, by far, the most clever and philosophically sound. Who else would send no paper record of past jobs and experience? Who else would not care one bit if they got the job or not, **knowing** that they were the best candidate? Who else would remain so calm in the face of such turmoil and strife? I refer to your volunteer work with the socially dyslexic, artistically abrasive, egoidstically perplexed and perplexing, multi-wierdoalitized "Joel S.", or whatever the HELL his name is.

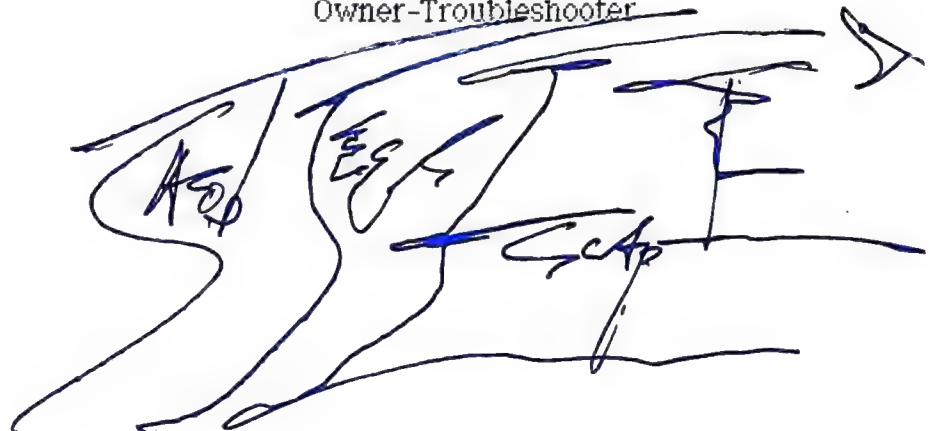
Your humanitarian efforts to humanize this strife-torn critter have not gone unnoticed. All of the technicians here at Jake's Mind Repair, Toby included, applaud your herculean efforts with this well-nigh hopeless, not quite hapless case.

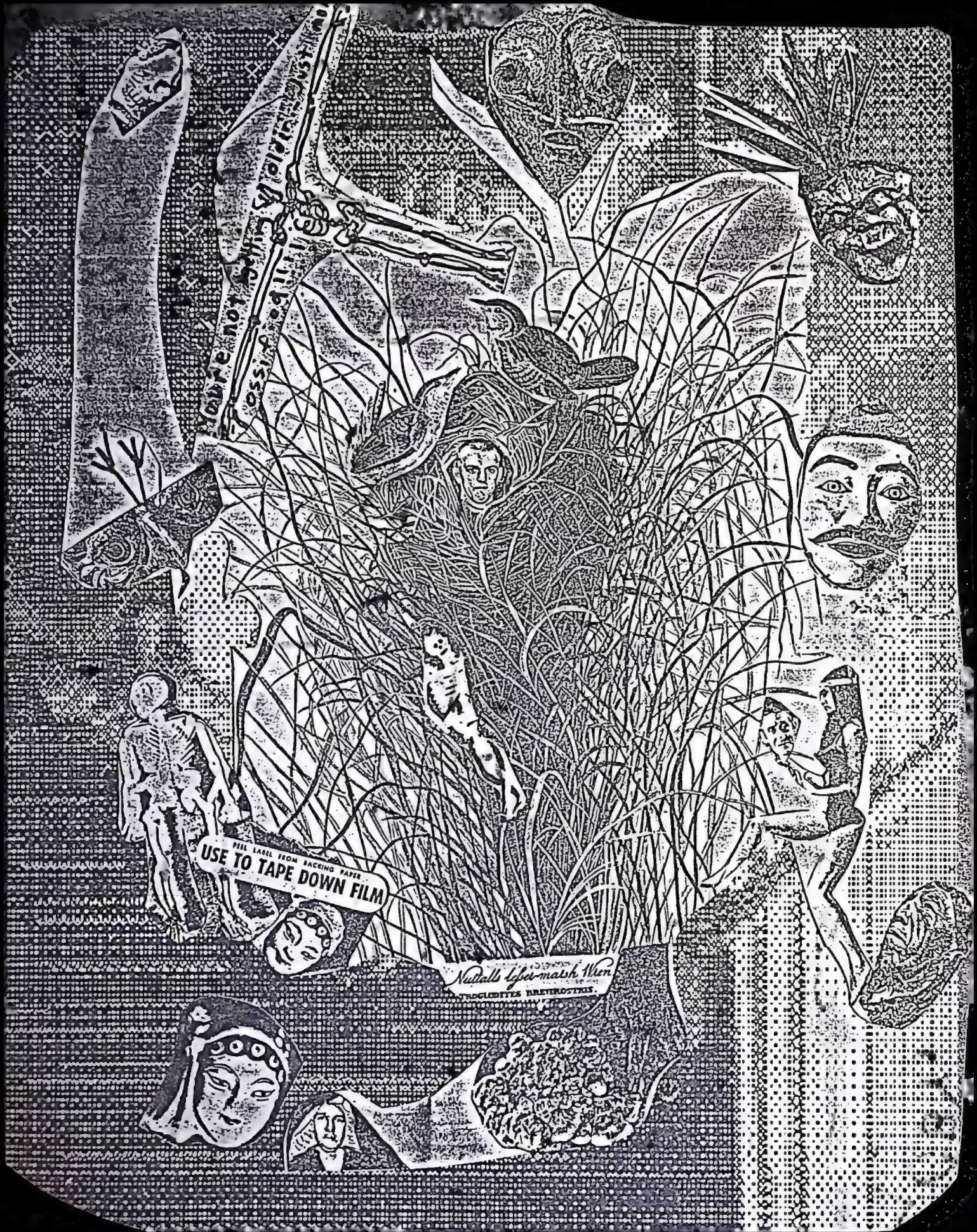
We plead that you accept this position, realizing that your present salary and duties will change little. We at Jake's work, primarily, on one patient at a time, ourselves, but our technicians do consult on each other's cases and troubleshoot on strangers.

Of course, you know by now that we run a pretty darn bogus operation, and that we're offering you a title but no money, something that any self-respecting mind tech would turn down, so, hell, we're just **giving** you the job and the title whether you want it or not! Sure, you can leave town and go live alone in the mountains for fifty years, but you can't undo the good works you've done already, so you'll always remain our

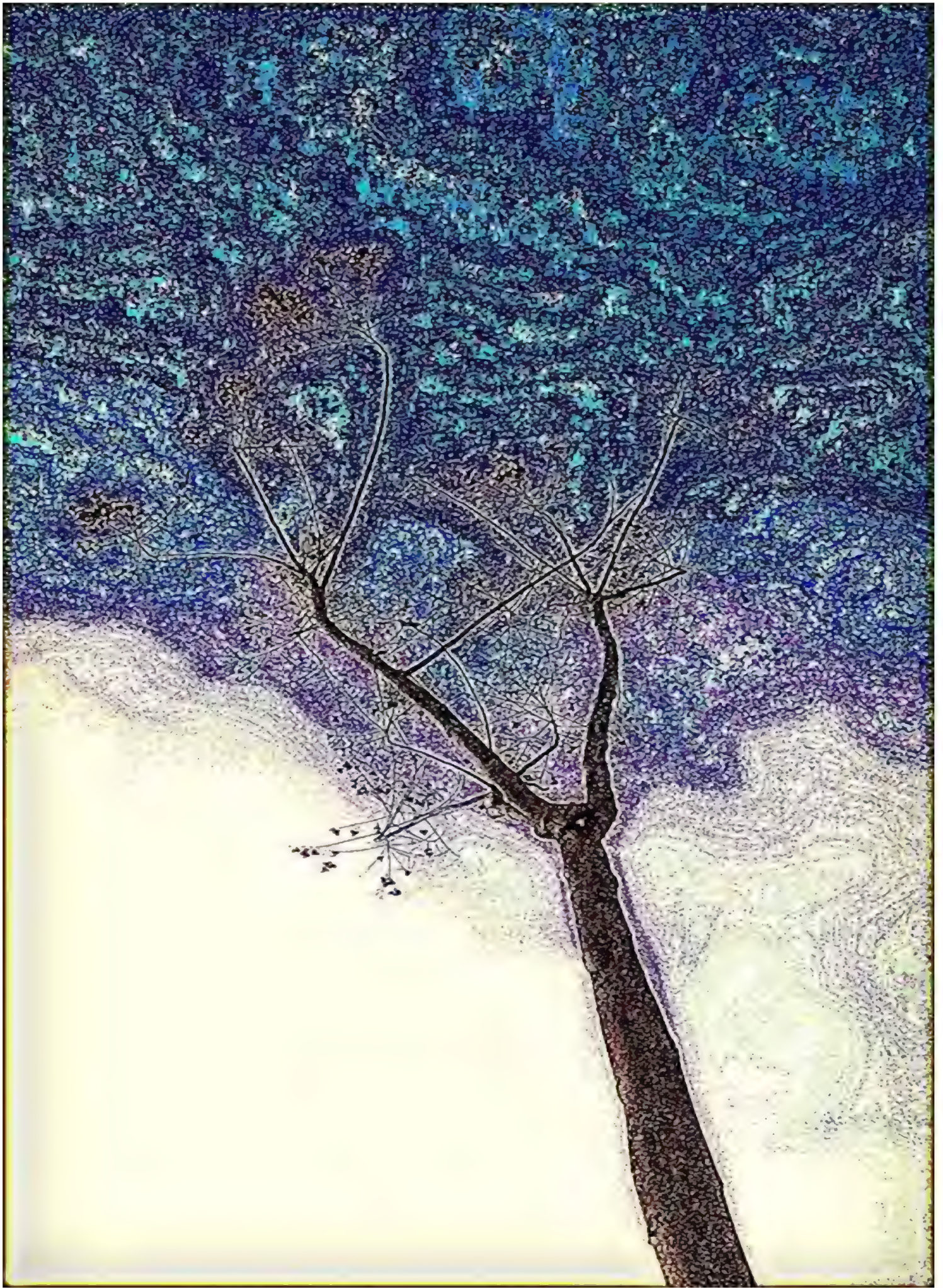
Chief Mind Repair Technician !

Sorry,
Jacob Jesus Escape
Owner-Troubleshooter

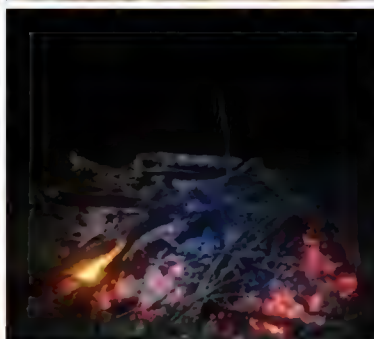
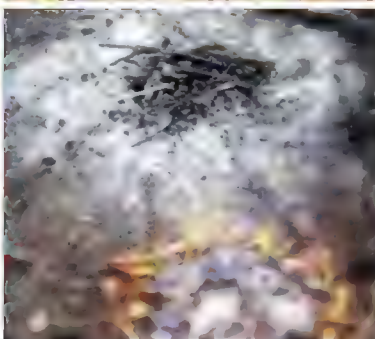
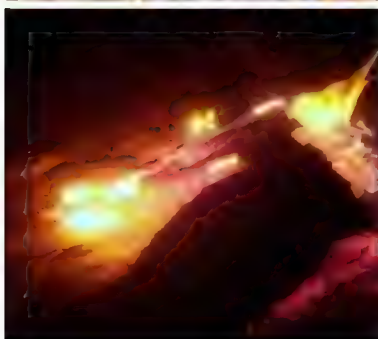
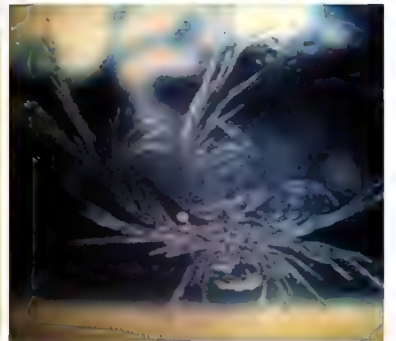
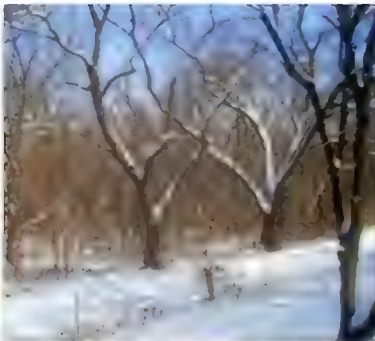
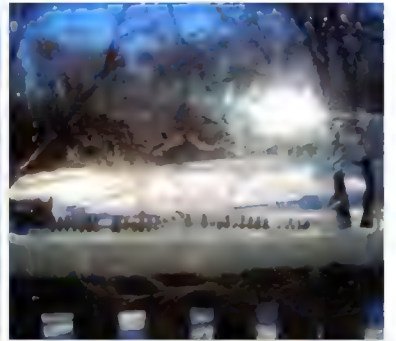
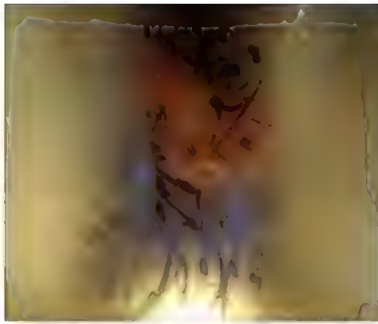




















The great dog ~~passed~~ ^{will} pissed down from the sky showing us a productive area with its stream. When we reached the valley of plenty our noses were full with ^{pleasant and} a rich scent, ~~and~~ we saw the ^{sky} dog running at the west~~ern~~ wind. The fox, coyote and wolf followed the great dog ~~when our hunting animals left with the wolves~~ leaving their livelihood for us. Our hunting animals went with them ^{and} we were afraid for a time. We had followed their noses as they now followed sky dog... to ~~your~~ find life.

Kicking Rodent said they must go to a better land with game that combusts and cooks itself when frightened, but Kicking Rodent is crazy and we love him. Killing Bird said they followed ^{the} Sky Dog to a place where thought fed. This seemed more likely, but we only knew that we must ~~set up our camp~~ ^{make our home} here, in the place Great Dog had shown us. We were frightened at the strong, musty odor of the place, ~~but~~ when we'd set up, ^{camp} a great driving rain came, ~~and~~ we squatted in our tents and ~~thought~~ as we watched ^{the} fire, that the ^{great} aroma was ~~from~~ ^{potatoes} a good diet,

that of one who eats rabbits ~~when~~ ~~on~~ with
asparagus and onions. We also knew that the heavy rain
would freshen the air. Noone examined the sky when
thunder-bird called ~~out~~ gentle were the cooing
rumbles, ~~that~~ we knew no danger was being foretold
in her ~~flitting~~ flashes. The rhythm of thunder sent
us dreaming into ~~our~~ new ~~expansive~~ land.

I am Corvidae. My name evokes laughter among my
people and means something not ~~known~~ understood. The closest
translation in this language is. Green Corn. ~~It is dark green~~
When ~~we~~ woke up this morning, a strong urge summoned us
into the fresh ^{lighting} ~~morning~~ trees. ~~A~~ tide of wind ~~staying~~
rolling through the spruce washed our minds clean. Only
when the wet needles summoned forth the pungent odor
of our urine mixing with that of the sky dog did we
realize ~~that~~ we were in ~~our~~ new home. Every morning with the
fresh ~~and~~ ^{and} historic...Religious.

"What is the relevance?" asked Goose Dog.

He asked this as we ^{some} gathered around Kicking Rodent's burnt
tent. Kicking Rodent was dead. Black-faced and smiling with
pearl teeth in his smoking buffalo robe, we each bent over his

We fried the grass. It was very good, ^{better than} rabbit. We became Grosouts, the Indian word for vegetarians. Deer showed us which trijs were crispy and sweet. The woodchucks showed us where the Bethlehem Broccoli grew, or something like that. Squirrels, stuffed with nuts, fed from the trees.. regurgitating a nutritious butter. Life was good.

Occasionally we would eat an animal that was so fat it could no longer move, but mostly we ate the abundant ~~and~~ succulent undergrowth and became well nourished.

Life was good but something was missing. The thrill of the chase, the danger of being eaten or starving was gone. We were bored and invented ~~ART~~ ^{in a way}, this is the Indian word for thinking about things that ~~very~~ pisses ~~some~~ off nerds. It was great fun, but Goose Dog moved away.

When this happened a great storm came and our hunting dogs returned. The howl of the wolf returned and the land became brown. We still found Bethlehem Broccoli, ~~but~~ but became omnivores again and nomads, travelling under the dog sky and waiting for the brief art time to come again.

This time we would be ready to show.



